And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mows. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
HAST. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A Street.

Enter HOSTESS: *FANG. and his Boy. with her ; and* SNARE *following.*

HOST. Master Fang, have you entered the action ?
FANG. It is entered.
HOST. Where is your yeoman[5] ? Is it a lusty yeoman ? will a' stand to't ?
FANG. Sirrah, where's Snare ?
HOST. O lord, ay: good master Snare.
SNARE. Here, here.
FANG. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.
HOST. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.
SNARE. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.
HOST. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a* cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
FANG. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

5 Where is your YEOMAN ?] A bailiff's follower was, in our author's time, called a Serjeant's *yeoman.* MALONE.